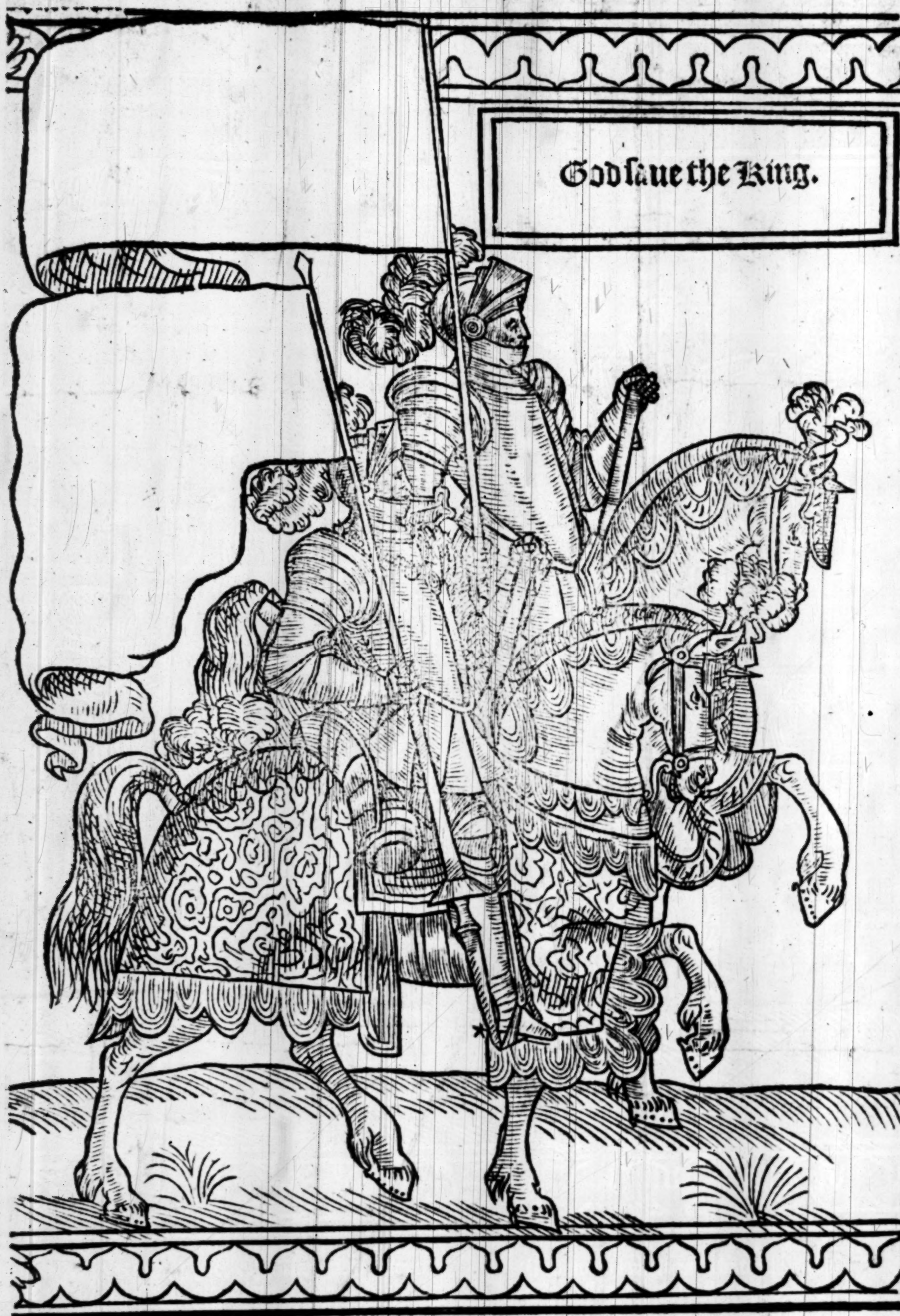


An excellent Ditty made vpon the great victory, which the French
king obtayned againe the Duke de Maine, and the Romish Rebels in his kingdome,
vpon Ashwednesday being the fourth day of March last past. 1590.
To the tune of the new Tantara.



In balliunt sorte he cheerd his men,
And louingly he saide:
God is with vs, our quarrels good,
Be therefore not dismayde.
By trust is still that as the Lord,
Hath me before defended:
So he will fight against my foes,
That haue my death pretended.
Let canons rore and Muskets shoote &c.

By quarrell both pertaine to God,
In whom I put my trust:
And in the promise he hath made,
I know he wil be iust.
Be balliunt now and fight like men,
And God will bee your guide:
And I with you will spend my blood,
And not once step aside.
Let canons rore and Muskets shoote &c.

To either then the Armes went,
Which made a wondrous shoue:
On either side they fought full fierce,
Each sought the others woe.
The Canons roare and Muskets shotte,
And made a warlike noyse:
Their Trumpets sound and dubbing drums,
Cattle the souldiers ioies.
Let canons rore and Muskets shoote &c.

The fife made warlike melody,
The ensignes were displayed:
On either side they curriede cride,
The king was not dismayed.
But like a souldiour and a king,
A standard he did take:
And flew the man that bare the same,
Which made his enemies quake.
Let canons rore and Muskets shoote &c.

The Duke de Maine for all his power,
Was forke from field to fie:
His heeles were better then his hands,
He fought so balliantly.
His power was stricken with such feare,
That they did flie in haste:
Whereby the king did win the field,
His enemies were disgrasse.
Let canons rore and Muskets shoote &c.

He and his power did follow them,
Full fine holmes in the chase:
From eight at moone til toward night,
He fought in the enemies face.
His victory he did obtaine,
Such was his good succes,
And many thousand enemies slaine,
Report saith sure no les.
Let canons rore and Muskets shoote &c.

What tents and furniture for warre,
What treasure and iewels rich:
Whereby the king and souldiours got,
You may suppose was much.
And prisoners taken of account,
As you shall shortly heere,
Who for their reason to their king,
I thinke will pay full deere.
Let canons rore and Muskets shoote &c.

See here the handy worke of God,
Who harmles saued the king,
And sent him treasure in great store,
And euery warlike thing.

Triumph good Christians and reioyce,
This wondrous newes to heare:
Wherein the power of mightie Ioue,
So greatly doth appeare.
God is the stay and strength of those
That in him puts his trust:
And what he euer promise them,
He keepeth firme and iust.
Let canons rore and Muskets shoote,
Let fife and Ensignes play:
Let Trumpets shrill and dubbing drums,
Sound forth this ioyfull day.

Who knows not how the Duke de Maine,
By title from the Swize,
Hath sought to rule in France.

All ioinde themselves in battaile ray,
Upon firme land in France,
Entending to haue slaine the king,
Yet had a wooser chance.
Let canons rore and Muskets shoote &c.

Whereby the enemy was that time,
Full thirtie thousand strong:
The king his power was but weake,
So right his open wrong.
He had not past ten thousand men,
In his defence to fight,
Which was great odds as all men knowes,
To put all these to flight.
Let canons rore and Muskets shoote &c.